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REV. SAMUEL COLGATE



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Greetings :-

This biography
is the record of
a useful life
and, therefore, is
worth passing on
to be read by others,
especially the young.

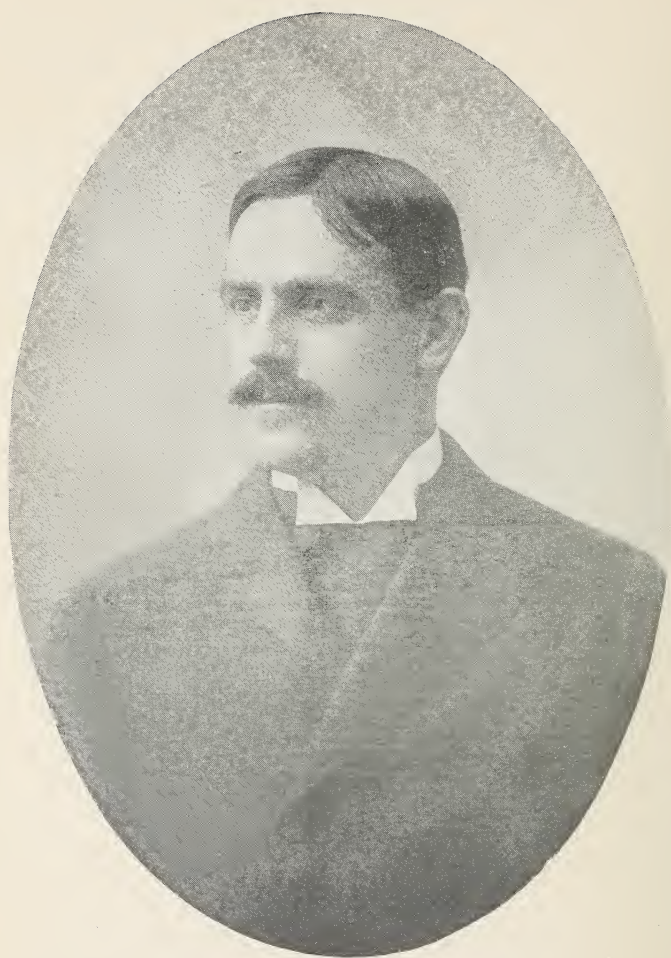
(Read; Psalm 22:23-31.)

Cordially yours,
In His Service,

John Bassford







In Memory
of the
Rev. Samuel Colgate

East Aurora, N. Y. First Presbyterian Church.

Not mine, O Lord, to reason why the darkening cloud ; the
sunlit sky,
I gladly take what Thou dost give,
Praying for guidance so to live, that Christ may gain thereby.


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Gift-
E. M. Ballford
Mar. 7, 1925

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Advertiser

1903

AMUEL COLGATE bore the honored name of his father, who was well known and highly esteemed as an eminent Christian merchant of New York city. Active and influential—as was his own honored father, William Colgate—among the leading laymen of the Baptist church, he was a director of Colgate University, for many years prominent in the management of the American Tract Society, president of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and a generous friend of many forms of Christian and philanthropic work. He was one of those Christian merchant princes, who, from generation to generation, with a nobler than patrician ancestry, are bearing increasing responsibilities in the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and are pillars in both church and state.

The younger Samuel Colgate was of Puritan and Presbyterian ancestry through his mother, Elizabeth Morse, the daughter of Richard C. Morse, granddaughter of Jedediah Morse, the father of American geography, and niece of the inventor of the electric telegraph. Like her husband, she was a devoted Christian, full of sympathy, with all Christian endeavor in the church and com-

munity, the founder of the Orange Orphan Asylum, yet more active still in quieter, unnoticed forms of beneficence to those in need. But the chief energy of her life of ardent Christian faith and multiplied labors of love was given to her home in all its ordering, but especially and most successfully in the training of her six sons, the fifth of whom, in order of age, was Samuel Colgate. He was born into this home, with its blessed atmosphere of parental fidelity and loving Christian service, on December 12, 1868.

In his earliest infancy there was a beginning of that unusual physical suffering in the form of serious illness which he experienced at times throughout his brief life. When but a few weeks old every effort to induce him to take the right kind of food failed, and to the doctors death seemed certain, when, from no change in treatment and from no apparent cause, the crisis passed so suddenly as to impress upon those in loving care of him—to use their own words—“that it was intended we should feel that this life was spared for some very special purpose and service.”

In answer to the prayers and fidelity of his parents and teachers, he became in his boyhood a Christian believer, and when twelve years of age joined the North Orange Baptist church, of which his father was an active member, being the superintendent of its Sunday-school for over forty years.

Previous to this, when he was about nine years of age, he was present at a children's meeting in which the speaker presented vividly in a simple story the thought that the body was the temple for the indwelling of Christ, and that it lay

with us to open the door of our hearts and welcome the Lord Himself. Little Samuel Colgate was the child who sat immediately in front of the speaker, who writes: "There was that in his face which made me sure he was realizing a personal responsibility and responding to it. I have always felt it was a time when, consciously or unconsciously, a step was taken in his young religious life toward the open confession of Christ which he made not long afterward."

He was a wholesome boy, full of fun and sport, and especially fond of practical jokes—an honestly inherited tendency. He was an inveterate tease, and an adept in the art. But his suffering victims themselves testify that though their agony was real, and their tears abundant, yet the author of their woe never forfeited their affection and companionship.

He was prepared for college at the Dearborn and Morgan School in Orange. As he was completing this preparation he was detained, in his eighteenth year, by his second very serious illness, in the form of a very severe attack of pneumonia. On his recovery he entered the academic department of Yale University in 1887, and was graduated in 1891 with a class of 185 members.

In the first year of his college life he was elected by his class one of the three "deacons" to whom is committed leadership in the care of the religious interests, meetings and activity of the class. He was also an officer of the Yale Young Men's Christian Association and active in the work of that organization from the beginning to the end of his college course. In the strenuous competition

for a position on the editorial staff of the Yale News, the daily paper published by the students, he was successful and served as one of the editors of that journal from his class.

In the summer of his freshman year (1888) he attended the Student Conference at Northfield. While there, at a meeting of the Yale student delegates, where the subject of a life service was under discussion, he was moved, with some others, to announce his determination to consecrate his life to the service of Christ. He wrote of this to his parents, modestly expressing the hope that they would not think him too young to reach such a decision.

One of his class writes of him at this period: "He kept young all through his college course. He had the cheerful gayety of a boy. His happy disposition made, I think, the deepest impression on me. He was always enthusiastic, always cheerful. He was pure minded and pure of heart, being absolutely without malice toward any, and always ready and willing to do a kind act for another. He was not fond of study except as it might bear upon his chosen life work—the Christian ministry. For this work he seemed peculiarly fitted, for he could make his words and views in that line living forces. His earnestness and simple, happy, perfect faith carried conviction with it to others. He was a boy in all things but those which had to do with his work for Christ—in those he was a strong man."

Another classmate writes more fully: "In attempting to pen briefly my own impression of Sam Colgate's unusual character and tell something of my deep affection for him, I find myself

surrounded by the conflicting feelings of deep personal loss and keenest satisfaction, as I recall his lofty ideals, his Christian fortitude and unswerving principles and withal his unfailing kindness and broad, unselfish charities.

“ My earliest impressions of him were formed when ‘as freshmen first we came to Yale.’ I believe that in freshman year the class deacons are chosen by intuition, and as intuition is often better than judgment, the choice of deacons usually proved to be the best possible. It was certainly so in his case. Enthusiastic about everything he undertook, he gave no uncertain sound. Never dogmatic, but tactfully persistent, he set an example by his own consistent righteousness that influenced the entire class of 1891 for good, and at every class re-union since graduation, the large attendance and devout spirit at the class prayer meeting are magnificent tributes to his untiring devotion to the cause of Christ during the four years of college life.

“ It was toward the end of freshman year that our class came to know Mr. D. L. Moody and every fall after that Sam Colgate with ten other football enthusiasts went to Northfield to play against the Mt. Hermon School team. It was partly the result of these visits to Mr. Moody’s home at Northfield, and partly the result of Mr. Moody’s own work in New Haven that aroused him to renewed effort in a definite campaign of personal work against all forms of unrighteousness, as they exist in any and every university, and this personal work for the cause of Christianity at Yale was largely conducted by him during sophomore, junior and senior years.

“ He shared with the other class deacons the

work of supporting the Grand Street Mission, organized to help the lowest of New Haven's working men, something after the plan of the college settlement work of New York city.

"But his character was not so unbalanced by the absence of faults that he could not command the love and hate of men. Aggressively loyal in his friendships, he was also excessively fond of a practical joke, whether on himself or someone else. A description of his college life would not be complete without some reference to his propensity to light campus fires. His enthusiasm made him reckless, even to the point of occasionally defying the faculty, and it seems to me that even to this day when the campus is suddenly aglow with the light of a secretly built bonfire—a challenge to the wary proctors to catch the offender—and a hundred windows fly up and a hundred voices shout from every direction, 'Who lit that fire?' the answer from those same hundred windows must inevitably be 'Colgate.'

"He was an ardent lover of football, and was one of the first to apply instantaneous photography to the practical development of both football and rowing. Many of his football photographs were so unusual at that time that they were copyrighted and used by the leading publishers, and his work in illustrating faults of the Yale crew at practice marked an advance step in the making of an oarsman.

"Because he was a gentleman by birth, instinct and early training, he became the truest exponent of Yale democracy, a man among men, rugged, energetic, filled with the true Yale spirit,

that indefinable essence common to the purest aristocracy and the purest democracy.

"The trend of his life seemed always in one direction, and so when it became known in senior year that he was thinking of studying for the ministry, it seemed as if we had always known it, and we felt like congratulating the church that her cause was to be championed by so true a man.

"It was my rare good fortune to know something of his home life, and this, as I think of it, gives me the key to the singular purity and the lofty ideals of his early life. Since graduation, our paths have occasionally crossed, but each time no word from him was needed to fill the interim, for everyone who knew him knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that whatever of weal or woe life had held out for him, his purposes, his principles, and his faith had stood the test unchanged.

"There are some who will appreciate and appropriate more of heaven than others, and he is one of those whose mind and heart will be able in a transcendent degree to grasp all 'that eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' "

After graduating from college he entered the theological department of Colgate University, completing his course of professional study in 1894. A member of his class, Rev. G. G. Johnson, now pastor of the Prospect Avenue Baptist Church in Buffalo, writes:

"I shall not soon forget the first time I met him. It was in the seminary chapel at Hamilton at the opening of the first term of our course in theology. To me then all these scenes and many of the faces were familiar as I had taken my college course in

that university. But to him everything was strange and new, and he stood there alone, and apparently lonely, at the close of the chapel exercises, quiet, diffident and winsome. By an irresistible impulse I was drawn to him. I went up and spoke to him and asked him if he would like to come to our boarding place, and the readiness with which he responded to my approach quite won my heart. He has had it ever since! For three years we walked and talked together in that ideally sequestered school of the prophets, and each year brought me nearer to him, and made me feel more and more his sweet serenity of spirit, his unpretentious simplicity of heart and life, and his noble strength of character. He was always abounding with good spirits and yet always had about him as a garment an impenetrable and well nigh imperturbable dignity. His devotion to what he believed to be his life calling was absolute.

"Before me as I write is the picture of 'Eaton Hall' in which were our living and recitation rooms. And there on the third floor, southeast corner, is 'Sam's room,' as we loved to call it. How often have we seen him there, living simply and studying laboriously, preparing for his life work.

"Equally familiar was his form as coach upon the football field, successfully training the college team for victory, or going down the street with a group of fellows on the best of terms with all.

"In the social life of the town he was invariably in demand, for he was always genial and courteous, and he won the respect and esteem of all who had the privilege of knowing him in town or university. But deeper than esteem was the love

which those had for him who knew him best. Until this day the janitor whom we all knew and liked so well, speaks of what a 'fine man Mr. Colgate was,' and the sentiment is lovingly echoed by one who was permitted to see the natural reserve withdrawn and to share his confidence and intimacy. To me he still lives. The fragrance of his friendship is with me yet, and will remain as one of the richest, most enduring blessings of my life."

Another who knew him intimately during his whole life, alluding to this "reserve" and "dignity," writes :

"He had a winsome, almost boyish frankness to a certain point, but great reserve in regard to his deeper feelings. Open to many and seeming to easily admit them to his confidence, really but few gained the inner recess where the most sacred things were kept. The rare times when it seemed as if I had that privilege are delightful memories to me—glimpses into a sincerely honest and most affectionate heart."

One of his teachers in the Seminary writes :

"Samuel Colgate and I came to Hamilton the same year ; he from college and I from the pastorate. His father was president of the Educational Society (which at that time controlled the Seminary) and its most liberal patron. It would have been easy for a young man less genuine or less fortunate in his home training to have forgotten himself, by remembering this. Young Colgate never did. He came from one of the great universities and mingled with men from small colleges or from none; but he never wore a large Y. Presumably he had a good deal of money, but one never

thought of it. His dress was simple, his room not strikingly different from other rooms. In all his relations he was simple, genuine, hearty—a gentleman. That is my first thought of him. On the athletic field, in a group of students, in the classroom, in the parlor, everywhere, the gentleman; and as fine an example as I have ever met among young men.

“I suspect you may be surprised at my saying this at some length—I am myself—it is only what anyone who knew him would expect of Sam Colgate—it goes without saying. *But* what a tribute is that instinctive feeling in all who knew him—what a tribute that is to him!

“He was a faithful student, not a brilliant one. He did not do his work easily, I suspect, but he did it well.

“He touched our student life here on every side—socially he was a favorite. He was a fine athlete, and in that direction was both an inspiration and a civilizer. He delighted in football, but wanted it clean; he enjoyed baseball; he was a familiar figure on the tennis court. He loved sports as diversions, but he did not neglect work for them. But on the religious side I think his influence was felt most strongly. That to him was first anyway, and no one who came to know him thought of it any other way. This fact, together with a certain gift of approach, made him helpful both to those who were Christians and those who were not.”

He was married June 21, 1894, to Miss Edith Hall, the daughter of Mr. Edward J. Hall of Buffalo, and the following years (July, 1894—July, 1896)

were spent by them in Germany, where he attended lectures in the University of Berlin. Here a daughter, Mabel Colgate, was born to them. Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Colgate, they did not return home until the summer of 1896.

He selected and eagerly sought, for his first field of service, the poor and neglected of the densely populated parts of the great city. In gratification of this desire, he accepted, in the summer of 1896, a call to become the assistant minister of the Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and to take pastoral charge of one of its mission branches, Emmanuel Church, located on Eldridge Street, on the east side of the city. Here he labored in his chosen field (November, 1896-June, 1897) with great industry during the autumn, winter and spring until his work, or overwork, was arrested by a very severe attack of typhoid fever, the third of those serious illnesses which he survived before he was smitten for the fourth and last time with what proved to be a fatal disease. The following testimony concerning his brief ministry in his first and most difficult parish is given by Dr. Faunce :

“ Samuel Colgate came into my life for a brief period only and vanished, but he left behind him a distinct impression and a happy memory. He came as my assistant minister, having charge for a year of our mission church—Emmanuel Church—in lower New York. The first time I met him I was struck with his high-bred Christian courtesy. In every accent, in every gesture, there was the mark of a chivalric soul, gentle and strong. It seemed strange that one to whom so many commercial and

social opportunities were open should covet above all things the chance to work in the most nearly hopeless quarter of New York. But that he did covet it was evident. Because he was at heart a gentleman, he could not think meanly of his fellows. He loved the humblest, respected the poorest, and, with no thought of condescension, sprang into his work, and the people appreciated him and loved him. They responded to his manly appeals, his uprightness and directness, his gentleness and winsomeness. Had not untimely illness cut short his pastorate, he might have accomplished much in darkest New York.

"As I knew him better, we began to discuss intellectual problems, and then I saw his utter and fearless sincerity. He knew the meaning of Bushnell's sentence, 'Follow your convictions though they take you over Niagara.' He had no Niagara to leap, but he did have to differ from those whom he truly loved, and the love was only increased by the difference. He could not accept forms or formulas simply because they were venerable—to him they must seem rational, vital, and true, if they were to win assent and consent. In all his searching of his own soul, in all his seeking for the mind of Christ, he carried a candid and teachable spirit, and followed ever his highest light.

"Swiftly he passed from us, and we could follow him only with earnest wish and prayer. But he left, like a flashing star, a train of light behind him, and the world is brighter, because he lived in it."

Recovery from his severe illness was necessarily slow. He spent nearly a year on the Pacific coast, returning to New York in the autumn of 1898.

The following winter was passed in that city, and during January, 1899, after having for some years given most careful and prayerful consideration to the subject, he transferred his membership from the Baptist to the Presbyterian Church, and was admitted to ministerial standing in the New York Presbytery.

Rev. Dr. George Alexander, pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, New York, writes :

“He was unknown to me until he came to consult me with regard to the change in ecclesiastical status which he was contemplating. We had several interviews in which he won my confidence and affection by his manifest sincerity and his earnest desire to discover what was for him the path of duty and of greatest usefulness. There was about his personality a breadth and breeziness which made it a delight to meet with him. At the same time his high Christian principle and sobriety of judgment commanded my deepest respect. I was especially impressed with the entire absence of that critical spirit toward the church he was leaving, which is so often exhibited by men who change their ecclesiastical relations. He always referred in the most respectful and appreciative way to the church of his fathers and was simply concerned to find for himself a place where he could render the Master the fullest service.”

His health and vigor being apparently restored, he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of East Aurora, N. Y., in June, 1899, and began his pastorate in that place the following September.

Here for two and a half years he endeared him-

self to the Church and community by his labors as a Christian pastor and citizen. It does not belong to this sketch to give the particulars of this ministry as it grew steadily in helpful and gracious influence upon an ever increasing number within and beyond the bounds of his Church. A fellow clergyman, who was in frequent touch with his friend and the people to whom he ministered, writes:

“He had a most business-like way of conducting church affairs. He reminded me often of Mr. Moody. The method of his thought in sermons, the manner of addressing his audience, the substance of his appeal to men, the arrangements for his prayer meetings, and his whole plan in organizing work and workers was that of a business man rather than that of the ordinary pastor. He was orderly, systematic, with never failing common sense. His way of working attracted men—hard-headed, practical men of business. His frank and open plain-spoken, matter-of-fact address made him successful with young and old. He did not copy any ‘new church methods’ in vogue elsewhere, but rather originated his own plans to meet the conditions about him. He handled in a masterly way all that concerned his work so as to get the best return on the investment of effort which he and his people put forth. He worked for results—never seemingly for mere effect. In all this he appeared to be a man these times especially call for in pulpit and all religious work—a manly man among men.

“The perpetual sunniness and cheerfulness of his faith attracted men to Christianity. Everyone could see that Christianity made him happy. His smile—the joyful expression, the sparkling eye—

was always in evidence, and even when he spoke most solemnly his hearers were conscious that the more attractive side of the truth he was presenting was being held in check only for a time and would soon shine forth. He seemed to be absolutely happy in the truth as he received it.

"The subject he chose at one time for a week of special meetings was: 'The opportunities and privileges of the higher Christian life.' I recall that one of the topics was, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.' Another was upon, 'Taking up the cross,' and he insisted that this was not taking up a burden. The crosses are not the burdens of life. Cross in Scripture means death. It meant the death of Christ, whenever He spoke of His cross. So cross means death to sin—death to selfishness. Those who heard him, often spoke of the winsomeness of his face and realized that they had a vision of the attractiveness of an open, avowed Christian life. All this made him magnetic.

"A chief solicitude with him was to reach the 'unchurched' or those who almost never entered a church. His missions in the country and his visits by night and by day to those he interested himself in, had this main objective. He tried to make his week-day prayer meetings attractive to those unaccustomed to church going. He 'worked them up' with great care.

"He said to me once that he felt that the Holy Spirit often directed him to do a certain thing, and he always tried to do it at once. The consciousness of duty and the pressure on him to perform it were thus vividly associated in his experience with the direct work of the Holy Spirit in his heart and life."

But the pace of this blessed, successful ministry was beyond the young pastor's physical strength, and before the third year was half spent his health began to give way. The symptoms of a fourth severe illness—destined to be fatal—began to appear in the winter of 1902.

An ocean voyage to a more congenial climate was planned, but he tarried in New York under the doctor's care for that beginning of recovery which would justify the journey, but which was never to be realized. Slowly, month by month, until midsummer, the physical man—in spite of most vigilant care and attention—became weaker and weaker. But the man of faith and hope and love grew daily stronger in fellowship with his Saviour and Lord.

When the sad hour of parting for a time with those nearest and dearest to him came and the day of his death (July 16, 1902) was at hand, the masterful spirit within seemed to rise superior to all infirmities of the enfeebled body, and the undying cheerfulness and buoyancy of his faith were manifest in his loving endeavor to comfort those about him. For the first few moments of the last interview he was bewildered, and with irrepressible humor said to his brothers: "Boys, this is the first time I have been in this case, and I hardly know what is expected of me." Then in the presence of their great distress he sought to impart to them, with smiling countenance, something of his own immortal confidence and perfect peace. One of his brothers was vividly reminded of the lines familiar to them all:

"On parent knees a new born child,
Weeping thou satst while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep."

Words which seemed to have happiest fulfillment in the serene peace and joy in which this disciple of the Comforter was continuing to the very end of mortal life his ministry of loving cheer and sympathy.

One who remembers him from his infancy writes : " Since his death he has been very vividly in my thoughts, and the thirty-four years of his brief life have passed swiftly in review before me. With an environment of unusual happiness in his home, there was yet in his life much of physical suffering and of anxiety for those he loved most. But every trial he passed through, every conflict and decision, mental and spiritual, added a fresh beauty to his character, until his joyous departure to be forever with his Lord. His life, spared so often after serious illness, was freely surrendered at every step and so the purpose of God unimpeded was fulfilled in it."


" Oh, gracious Lord, thou knowest best ;
Thou knowest them that trust in Thee.
Blessed the soul, yea, doubly blest,
When Thou dost try its constancy.

" Upon the soft and crumbling stone,
The sculptor spends a passing hour ;
He strikes immortal blows alone,
Where chiseled marble feels his power.

" Thou knowest, Lord, a stone to choose,
Worthy the labor of thy hand ;
Thou fearest not the tool to use
That gives it shape at thy command.

" Move on in thy mysterious way,
We'll stand aside thy work to see,
Faithful the work and blessed they
Who cannot trace but trust in thee."

Work in East Aurora

S A CLUSTER of lilies borne through a room leaves behind an atmosphere surcharged with fragrance, so a gracious personality passing through a community contributes a wealth of fragrant words and deeds. Such a personality was the Rev. Samuel Colgate, and such is the relationship which he sustains to East Aurora.

In September, 1899, he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He found here a well organized, fairly equipped church of about two hundred members. During the spring preceding his coming, there had been a somewhat notable spiritual awakening in the town and thirty-five had been added to the membership of the church. The field had apparently been well wrought over. While there were young converts to train and older ones to nurture, it was not to be expected that the spiritual tone would continue so high as it was at the close of the period of spiritual quickening, or that accessions to the church would be very considerable for some time again.

The probable reaction, however, did not follow. The Prayer Meetings continued beautiful in spirit and there was a constantly increasing attend-

ance. There was a reaching out, too, after the unsaved. The pastor's zeal for the salvation of souls was communicated to the church. As a result of this splendid spiritual condition—the best evidence of a successful pastorate—in the little more than two years Mr. Colgate was permitted to serve here, nearly one hundred members were added to the church.

This somewhat remarkable spiritual state was attended by a proper development in every direction. Benevolence was fostered and increased ; the Sunday-school attendance was excellent and methods of work were improved ; there was built up a remarkably strong Christian Endeavor Society ; a Men's Club was organized and brought to efficiency ; the congregations were much larger than they had ever been in the history of the church.

Speaking from the point of view of a limited human vision, these magnificent accomplishments seem to be the result of Mr. Colgate's characteristics and his mode of expending effort. His consecration to the service of God and humanity was complete. There was, however, no flourish about what he had given up to enter the Christian ministry. He appeared always to have such a joy in his service, that it seems doubtful whether he were ever conscious that he had made any social or commercial sacrifice in doing the work to which he was called. This consecration spoke more eloquently than words of the worth of the gospel he proclaimed, and buttressed every declaration of Christian truth. It affected wholesomely many who would never listen to his message, and the unconscious influence of this characteristic can never be measured.

His preaching was eloquent, because tremendously earnest. What he sought was not the expression of his views, but the impression of God's truth upon the minds and hearts of his auditors ; and he succeeded in his purpose.

In his pastoral ministrations he brought abundant blessings. He was kindly considerate of the erring and tempted ; he sympathized with those who were being smitten by contrary winds ; he lent a hand to the overburdened. He knew how to do personal work with the unsaved, and he did it. He was able also to understand those who were in the midst of life's joys. He won their confidence and was thus enabled to direct them into the highest life. There was no class of people which he did not affect helpfully.

He was always interested in the moral and religious well being of the town. He rejoiced in the growth of every true church of Christ. He loved to see harmony among God's people and he did all he could to promote it. Every undertaking that promised to be beneficial received his hearty approval. He did not, however, enter into any plan proposed without careful consideration, and his caution was frequently as worthful as his enthusiasm. He kept steadily before him the true end of the gospel ministry and never allowed minor ethical issues to take precedence.

There was nothing he could reasonably do for a brother pastor that he was not willing to do. The writer of this sketch was obliged to be out of town most of the week for several months during the first year of Mr. Colgate's ministry here, and he recalls with profound appreciation frequent offers to help

in doing the pastoral work, and in public ministration. Even after his health began to give way, he was anxious to help in bearing the message to the surrounding communities, and offered his aid to those who were undertaking this work. His notably kindly interest in a church from which he had felt constrained to withdraw his allegiance, was a splendid indication of the nobility of his Christian character.

His work here has been put to the severest test, and the way it stands speaks eloquently of its true success. It is more than a year now since failing health made it necessary for him to go away, hoping to regain his strength. A little while before he left, his church building, a comparatively new structure, burned. His people arranged, at his suggestion, to accept the invitation of the Baptist Church to worship with them. This arrangement continued for more than a year with the most cordial relations between the two churches while the new Presbyterian Church was being built. The sweet, helpful spirit of the Presbyterian people during this period of joint service, abundantly attests the gracious spirit of their pastor to whose leadership they had so heartily yielded.

The way the Prayer Meetings, Christian Endeavor Society and Sunday-school were kept up during this time is perhaps the surest indication of the thoroughness of organization and the spirit of service which Mr. Colgate's pastorate had helped so largely to engender. The effect of his inspiring ministry was also apparent in the way his people took hold of the work of building a new church, and the beautiful house of worship which graces


the spot on which the old church stood is in no small measure a memorial to the consecrated life and service of Mr. Colgate.

He was so thoroughly identified with all of the best interests of the town that his illness and death brought grief to all. His apparent life purpose is well expressed in this familiar quotation: "I expect to pass through this world but once, any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Memorial Services

Tribute by Rev. Edwin H. Dickinson, D. D.

“The door of thy great life stood wide, and o’er
The threshold leaned thy eager soul, aglow
With that warm hope the apostles used to know,
With that strong faith the prophets preached of yore.
O, glorious soul ! How many lips shall bless
That faithfulness, that wealth of hopefulness
That like God’s Sun persisted in its cheer !
Forged at such heat thy swift word struck the ear
To pierce men’s souls—which, finding day still shine,
Rose and unbarred their lives to life divine.”

HESE WORDS, written by Hannah Parker Kimball and applied to the work and character of the great rector of Trinity Parish, Boston, are equally applicable to the work and character of this other minister to souls, of whom to-night we are thinking. He unbarred many a soul to “life divine.” There is no greater mission ! To be called to it is to be called to an awful responsibility ; for if character or teaching fail, if either or both in the missionary cause the bolts of sin or prejudice to truth, which fasten out the divine life from the human life, to rust in their grooves, the present and the future must unite in condemnation.

A call to the ministry is a call to service of the highest order and of the most far-reaching conse-

quences. There must be in the soul of him who turns to it something of the inspiration of the "Woe is unto me, if I preach not," else he had better not preach.

No one has more clearly proclaimed this than Thomas Carlyle. In his lecture on "Heroes" he has said: "The priest is the uniter of the people with the unseen Holy. * * * He guides them heavenward and by wise guidance thro' this earth and its work. The ideal of him is, that he, too, be what we call a voice from the unseen heaven, interpreting, even as the prophet did, and in a more familiar manner unfolding the same to men. The unseen heaven—the open secret of the universe—which so few have an eye for! He is the prophet shorn of his more awful splendor, burning with mild, equable radiance, as the enlightener of daily life. This, I say, is the ideal of a priest. So in old times; so in these, and in all times. One knows very well that in reducing ideals to practice, great latitude of tolerance is needful; very great. But a priest who is not this at all, who does not any longer aim or try to be this, is a character of whom we had rather not speak in this place."

We are speaking within the most conservative limits when we say that Samuel Colgate strove to incorporate the highest ideal of the ministry. It is for this reason we are justified in speaking of him in this sacred place.

When a man shows in his being and acts in his life, that he loves Jesus Christ with a great passion; that the divine representation of manhood holds his vision, and that his supreme desire is to make that vision radiant upon every life, then we say the

sanctuary is the place where the record of the life should be reviewed. We are living in such a material age, the charm of life is so sensuous, the fascination of the daily plain of work so holds our vision to the horizontal, that we need turn our thought upon every life that by the force of its own uprising tendency can divert our vision Godward.

Nothing will accomplish this that is impersonal. Statements of truth will never wean us from matter, but Truth walking and breathing near us, Truth working out in another a better type of living, ever has been and ever will be the only way of making us better men.

Under every statement of the ideal in ministry and man thus far made, has been the thought of our brother. He was not ideal. He would regard as profanation any such eulogy—but there is not a man of us here to-night who knew him but would say he was making toward the ideal faster than most men. It was the quick pace of his character toward that which is highest and best in life which charmed us, and better, drew so many upward.

It was the singleness of his vision of duty which helped us to understand the truth which Christ teaches, that, "if, therefore, the eye be single, the whole body shall be full of light." He was a man with a mission; his mission mastered him. A man mastered by a mission is always a masterful man, because body, mind, soul, each in its way, always something forceful, cannot be united on a purpose, driving muscle, brain and will into the narrow confines of action, without opening a path to accomplishment. A wedge with a sledge back of it is a cleaver of difficulty. When now that mission is an unselfish one,

when the personality is devoted to an object that is beneficent, the response is far and wide. The Crimea is past, but the influence of Florence Nightingale is not past. Make that mission an absorbing passion for humanity, a yearning over men that men may be better—fire that passion on the altar of love for Jesus Christ, and fan it daily with the breath of the Spirit of Life, and the response can be measured only by Him who knows the secrets of hearts. We are speaking within the limits of the observation of everyone in this community when we declare this to have been our brother's peculiar power.

Every man is a power for Jesus Christ to the extent that Jesus Christ is a power with him. Devotion to his Lord was Samuel Colgate's life. It was this which kept him thoroughly manly in his faith. He followed Him with a self-forgetfulness which none could question. The ministry was not to him a means of livelihood, yet it was in the highest sense a living, that is, a spending of power, a devotion of the whole man to Him whom he served.

Principal Fairbairn in "Studies in the Life of Christ" has said of John the Baptist: "He never speaks of his own claims, only delivers his destined message. He is but a 'Voice,' the word it utters alone deserves thought and demands faith. When the people anxiously curious, prepared to believe almost anything as to the new preacher, inquire, 'who is he? the Messiah? Elias? the prophet like Moses?' he has but one answer, 'I am not. What I am matters nothing; what I say is matter enough.' But this silence as to himself is eloquent as to his greatness. The man who is, as it were, annihilated

by his mission, is most magnified by it ; he becomes an organ of Deity, a voice of God, altogether silent as to his own claims, concerned only with God's. He who is so divinely possessed is insensible to the strength of the resistant forces, does his work by a kind of inspired necessity, and once it is done is content to die or be forgotten, to decrease that a greater may increase."

But you cannot forget the man who forgets himself. The man who will not spare himself to bring you to God somehow grips you hard and holds you. You thank God for him and take courage.

We are not attempting to analyze Mr. Colgate's influence. This would seem like breaking into notes a song which lingers as a sweet cadence in your memory. There are some things you cannot permit yourself to analyze. It seems profanation to attempt this. The whole is the sum of its parts. Of the sum, not of the parts, we to-night are thinking. Of the fragrance which expresses the exhalation of grouped petals, of a strong, vibrant, melodious chord, not of single tones.

He lived the life of the minister of the gospel. He prepared and delivered sermons. He visited the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. He kept himself unspotted from the world. He mingled in the life of his village, and in that of the neighboring city. He was loved here, and admired. His influence was widening rapidly. It quickened the spiritual life of the entire Presbytery. You are aware of the evangelic work carried on last winter in the Presbyterian churches of this vicinity, but you may not know that the circular letters which were issued to the evangelic commit-

tee of the Presbytery and read from the pulpits were written by Mr. Colgate. They were charged with his own devotion to the great purpose of the church—soul winning. Their manly appeal to more earnest effort for the salvation of men stirred alike our ministry and our laity to more earnest service in the kingdom of God, and there was not a man in our ministerial circles who did not feel the force of his spiritual enthusiasm.

His personality was singularly attractive. His mental gifts were peculiarly tributary to the great purpose of gaining the gospel a hearing. His worldly possessions were a sacred trust. All this is fact, fact we rejoice in and are thankful for.

But, true as it is, does it all account for the sorrow which to-night rests on our hearts? Does it explain the peculiar hold he had upon men? Does it account for the wider vision of manhood, truth, God, which ever came to him or her who followed his index finger?

There was something back of all this which made Samuel Colgate's ministry notable. It was his living interpretation of religion. It is alone because of this we are justified in speaking at such length of him. His spirit rebukes personal eulogy, even here and now, that would magnify his personality. He did not want it in life, we desecrate not his memory by giving it him in death. But even he would rejoice in knowing that by his life he made men see life; that by his faith he made faith possible to others, that by his own buoyant, happy and rational love for the Master, he made that Master come very close to men and women and children, in counting room,

and school room, in shop and home. To fail to show men what the Christian minister ought to be and may be when thus personified would be to neglect an opportunity to turn thought to a man of God.

“To furnish truth,” said Phillips Brooks, “to the believing heart, and to furnish believing hearts to truth, certainly there is no nobler office for a human heart than that.”

At Sea Gate he waited in patience and in pain for the gate of pearl to open, and when it had swung wide he whispered, “I am thinking of my people,” and passed within.

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And as to-night our eyes follow this man of God to the mansion fair, we say to him in the words of Sir Edwin Arnold :

“No moaning of the bar, set forth strong ship,
Into that gloom which has God’s face for a far light,
Not a dirge, but a proud farewell from each fond lip,
And praise, abounding praise, of fame’s faint starlight.

“No moaning of the bar, but musical drifting
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“ For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
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Five months ago he left us with sails set for Italian skies. Rest and change seemed to promise speedy restoration to health and vigor. But disease crept on, the ocean voyage was abandoned, the apparently stalwart form was forced to yield, and for long months he lay with gracious patience, hoping that strength might soon return that he might serve again in public way the Lord he loved.

In a message he sent a few days before the final summons came, he said: “As I lie in my room I can look out over New York harbor and see the ships sail out for almost every port of the world.” A few mornings ago, while his brothers stood round him and repeated with him, “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,” the mysterious messenger summoned, and out of the harbor sailed a bark bound for fairer than Italian skies, for that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,” for that land of

exceeding brightness, where "the Lamb is the light thereof," and we are left, feeling as did Tennyson when he wrote of Arthur Hallam :

" I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal,
And half conceal the soul within."

As we strive to speak our appreciation of the one we have loved and lost awhile, there stands before us a complete personality that does not yield readily to analysis. Someone has said that "the secret of a great life lies in yielding one's self to great impulses." Mr. Colgate had certainly yielded himself to great impulses and those who knew him best understood how great was the life that he lived. Although he was cut down in early manhood, what he was in character was great and what he was in accomplishment only God can fully know, for, "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. * * * He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Love for God and man was the mastering impulse that made his life masterful. While there was much in his environment that would tend to fasten his thoughts and affection upon things upon earth, it was notable how his affections were set on things above.

His faith in God made him optimistic and lent assurance that right would ultimately prevail. He was always joyous and able to see the shining side of every sombre cloud. As he was in life, so was he at the moment of his death. Stephenson's

words seem peculiarly appropriate : " Glad did I live and gladly I die, and I lay me down with a will."

He had rare intellectual endowments which were enhanced by the best educational opportunities. He had unusual tact and common sense. He was single in purpose and definite in aim. His work was of a practical sort ; his business instinct demanded that he should see results of his doing. He organized wisely. He had a winsome personality. He was thoughtful and considerate of others. He was appreciative of slightest favors ; he was unselfish and willing to spend himself for the help of any assuredly worthy enterprise. He was skillful in finding out those who were in need of ministration and tactful in doing. No one will ever know the burdens he has helped to lift or the homes he has brightened, or the lives he has quickened and sweetened.

With his public ministry among us all are familiar. It was so remarkably effective, because it was the expression of what he was.

In the best sense he was a great preacher. He was in dead earnest. He preached what he profoundly believed and lived. He emphasized the eternal verities, with sweet and beautiful Christian charity. He got the message heard and appropriated and lived. He followed "after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." He was "a good minister of Jesus Christ." He fought the good and triumphant fight. He has gone for his crown, and through our tears God's promises shine forth like a rainbow.

Memorial Minutes

Session of the First Presbyterian Church

EAST AURORA, N. Y., July 16, 1902.



WE received this morning the news of the death of our beloved pastor, Samuel Colgate, and our souls are sorrowful. During his short pastorate here he has, by the power of the Holy Spirit, cemented this church in the bonds of Christian unity, raised the standard of Christian life, and aroused the conscience of his congregation to a higher sense of their responsibilities, privileges and opportunities. Many have been led to repentance and to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, publicly confessing Him in uniting with this church, and the community has been enriched by the example of as true a Christian character as it seems possible for mortal man to achieve—a life “hid with Christ in God.”

He was ever on the alert for some opportunity for practical Christianity in doing. No man, woman, or child was too humble or too obscure to elicit his sympathy and help.

A man of exquisite taste in literature, art and music, of highest culture, with talents to command success in any walk of life, he poured his whole soul into preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified,

and esteemed his profession the highest open to mankind—a Priest of the Most High God.

His last sermon was from the text, “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever,” and it is to Jesus alone we can turn in this, our hour of trial.

Signed,

L. F. PERSONS,
B. J. COLE,
A. J. HOOLE,
A. E. GRAY,
E. C. BLAKELEY,
A. B. NEILL,

Elders of the First Presbyterian Church.

The Buffalo Presbytery

OUR late beloved brother, the Rev. Samuel Colgate, whose brief, but most effective and happy ministry to the congregation of the church in East Aurora, was terminated by his death since the last meeting of the Presbytery, was exceptionally fitted by his many qualities to the work of winning men to the communion and service of the church.

As a minister, his loyalty to Christ and his word, his thoroughness in study, his ability as a preacher, his helpfulness and sympathy as a pastor, endeared him to his people, and made him a trusted leader in every good in the community.

As a presbyter, Mr. Colgate, by his conscientious attendance of the meetings of the body and

and school room, in shop and home. To fail to show men what the Christian minister ought to be and may be when thus personified would be to neglect an opportunity to turn thought to a man of God.

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In a message he sent a few days before the final summons came, he said: "As I lie in my room I can look out over New York harbor and see the ships sail out for almost every port of the world." A few mornings ago, while his brothers stood round him and repeated with him, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," the mysterious messenger summoned, and out of the harbor sailed a bark bound for fairer than Italian skies, for that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," for that land of

active participation in its work, by his pure life, by his brotherly affection, by his consecration and practical sympathy with evangelistic work, made himself a blessing to his brethren, and a powerful co-adjutor in their ministry.

We deplore the early death of Mr. Colgate, but submit to the expressed will of the Head of the church in the assurance that when we "know as we are known," we shall see that all was for the best.


The above minute was adopted by
the Buffalo Presbytery, at Silver Creek,
N. Y., Sept. 16, 1902.

Attest,

WILLIAM WAITH,

Stated Clerk.

Extracts from Letters

 HERE are many, many lives which feel as if they could not spare him. He was ever so busy with things which brighten and uplift the lives of others that I cannot think of him as no longer among his friends, and his people, who loved him. Truly his works do follow him."

"A most beautiful, unselfish life. So thoughtful of every one; so happy in the pleasure of others; so fair, and so uncomplaining."

"I had come to love him for the beautiful qualities of mind and heart which won all who came in contact with him. He was born for friendship and love, and the world was the sweeter and better for his presence in it. His life was too brief for us all, but it was of the purest and most Christian type. A life of unselfish activity, of generous devotion to the beautiful and true."

"As one who was permitted to be his teacher, I want to bear testimony to my sense of personal

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"As one who was permitted to be his teacher, I want to bear testimony to my sense of personal

loss. He was one of the finest type of young men I have ever known. Faithful in his work ; refined, but never weak ; fond of athletic sports, but never rough ; cultivated, but sympathetic. A simple, manly, earnest Christian. His presence was a distinct and highly valued contribution to our Seminary life. I do not think he ever suspected how highly he was esteemed by teachers and fellow students for his own sake."

"In my reading lately I have come across several strong statements as to high ideals in life, and sketches of a true Christian. His strong, cheery, earnest self always comes to my mind, and I feel that understanding of what Christ meant all men to be, is clearer for having known him."

"This thought he was permitted to carry with him into the dark valley—that he had guided souls to Christ. One cannot but ask in view of his death, why was not a longer space of life allotted to one so well fitted for usefulness. We do not know, but we do know that the development of character does not depend on years, and that a ministry as short as Christ's may be a fruitful one."

"I knew him so well and was so fond of him that I think of him now as peculiarly adapted to

his new home, and keenly appreciative of all he finds there. The final and just reward of an ideal Christian character."

"I was thinking of my people, my people in East Aurora," Mr. Colgate said, not many hours before his soul was called to heaven to hear from the Master's own lips the "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It is true that Mr. Colgate was directly the pastor and leader of the Presbyterians of this village, yet I cannot but feel that to one having so large a heart as he, his thoughts went beyond his own congregation, and that in his great love for humanity, his unfailing devotion to and labor in the Master's work, in his loving charitable disposition, "my people" meant to him many more than the mere membership of his congregation. His love was so great, his words of strengthening comfort so wisely yet so freely given, that many there are outside of the Presbyterian church who will in a sense remember him as their leader, if not in the strictest sense their pastor. The loss is East Aurora's, and the gain is also East Aurora's, in that the people have been helped and uplifted by the work that Mr. Colgate did among us."

"We loved him, because he was gentle, loving and attractive. He drew men to him by his loving ways, his unassuming generosity, his Christ-like spirit. He was a noble, good man, and we shall never forget him."

“What a loss to the world is so Christ-like a man, and his work here is finished at just the age his loved Saviour said of his own work, ‘It is finished,’ and went unto his Father. Where now will many look for the help and inspiration of a beautiful spirit? I thank God that the memory of such a soul and life is always an encouragement.”

“To him it was not so much as even the lifting of a latch. Only a step into the open air out of a tent already luminous with a light that shone through its transparent walls.”

“Mr. Colgate was one whose life was so evidently pure and good that comment is not only superfluous, but even out of place. My opportunities to meet him were few, but the memory of them is precious.”

“No anxiety for the future happiness of the dear one gone before can ever disturb your thoughts, for truly he was one of the dearest of God’s dear children. I had hoped that he would long enjoy the new church, but it is blessed to remember he is now one of the number of the redeemed who in Heaven shall do the will of him who loved us and gave himself for us.”

“His fine nature must have shown itself to you very clearly. I like to feel that the nature which some of us knew is the kind that God values, and has given and will give endless work

with himself. Gentleness, patience, faith and love seemed alone the qualities which in the life of Christ tell us so much of God, and these used to impress me in his character."

"I feel the privilege of having known him. His devotion, whole souled, whole hearted. His absolute consecration to his Saviour—I was going to write profession, but it was not that. He made men feel that he did all his work for Christ's service. His whole life glowed with the joy that his Christian faith and hope were to him."

"There is but one thought that comes to me. That it behooves us to live a life more like Mr. Colgate's, that we may find him and know him later."

"Indeed we cannot associate death with him. He was so full of life—of the higher life—that we must think of him as now in the full enjoyment of its blessed experiences. He had a way of getting at the hearts of men, and quickening them there. It is little wonder, therefore, that the circle of grief is a wide one. By taking such as he God makes the following life seem very attractive and very real."

"In so many ways and in so many places we shall look for him in vain. Our Chautauqua

retreats and our Monday afternoon conferences early last winter were successful and helpful through so much of the interest and spirit he infused into them. Such work is only a part of all he was called to, and most faithfully, and loyally, and lovingly was it performed."

"We all know something of what he was, and we grew to love him so much. There was no man of our company there in Buffalo who was loved as Mr. Colgate was, so we shall miss him."

An After Word

This Memorial Volume was issued by the First Presbyterian Church of East Aurora, N. Y., in loving remembrance of their pastor.

The biographical sketch was prepared by Rev. Richard C. Morse, an uncle of Mr. Colgate.

The article, "Work in East Aurora," was written by Rev. George D. Knights, pastor of the First Baptist Church, East Aurora, N. Y.

Rev. Edwin H. Dickinson, D. D., is pastor of the North Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

The "Extracts" are from letters written to Mrs. Edith Hall Colgate at the time of Mr. Colgate's death.

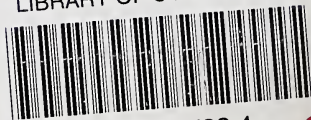
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